

EXCERPT FROM BOOK

“Hey Jim, Wanna go to a party?”

It was a hot Friday night that summer in 1959 as a bunch of us guys met up at Patches Drive-In to hang out. After a while, my friend Ron and another guy drove up in Ron’s cool ’51 Mercury. “Hey, Jim, I hear there’s a party someplace up on Tuolumne Street. Want to check it out with us?” “Sure,” I responded. So I jumped in the back seat as Ron introduced me to his older cousin Arnie, who had just moved into town.

We then burned rubber down the road, first gear, second gear, third gear, the mufflers blowing out a cool rumbling sound that echoed off the sides of the buildings we passed. As we drove along, I noticed something weird about Ron’s cousin Arnie. He never spoke a word, having this glassy-eyed, tough-guy angry look painted on his face as we motored along. He continued to remain cold and aloof as Ron and I jawed back and forth with each other.

Little did we know the *“Big Time”* trouble Arnie was going to cause that evening waiting just around the corner!

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